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THE FIRST ANARCHIST

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

WAS it a dream? was I awake? imagine it.
A man—was he Greek, Jew, Chinese, Turk, Persian?
A member of the party of order, truthful
And grave, said to me: "This judicial death
Striking this charlatan, shameless Anarchist,
Is just. Order and authority must defend
Themselves. How suffer them to be discussed?
Besides, the laws are there to be executed.
They are eternal truths that must be made
To prevail, even at the price of the scaffold.
This innovator preached a philosophy:
Love, progress, empty words that I mistrust.
He ridiculed our ancient and venerable worship.
This man was of those who regard nothing holy,
He reverenced nothing that we reverence.
In order to inoculate them with his suspicious doctrine,
He went about picking up in all the most wretched places
Cow herds, fishermen, choleric rogues,
Unclean tatterdemalions having neither money nor scrip;
He entertained this rabble even in his guest chamber.
He did not address himself to the intelligent man,
Wise, honorable, having rents, money, wealth;
He cared for nothing; he led the masses astray;
With grimaces and fingers raised in air,
He pretended to heal the sick and wounded,
Contrary to the laws. But that was not enough:
The impostor, if you please, raised the dead from the graves.

He took fictitious names and counterfeit qualities,
He passed himself off for what he was not.
He rambled about at random, saying: "Follow me!"
Sometimes in the country and sometimes in the town.
Was it not enough to stir up civil war,
Contumely and hate among the citizens?
One saw running toward him frightful pagans,
Lying in the ditches and in the limekilns,
One a cripple, another deaf, another with a plaster over his eye,
Another scraping his sores with an old piece of broken glass.
The honest man, indignant, retired into his house,
When this juggler passed with such a crew.
On a holiday, one day, I no longer know which,
This man took a whip, and crying, declaiming,
He drove out of the temple, and very brutally,
Licensed merchants, the fact is authenticated,
Very worthy people who kept shop on the temple grounds,
By the permission of those who, I think, had the right
Of the clergy, who received a part of their profit.
He drew in his suite a sort of girl.
He went about perorating, shaking the family,
Religion and society;
He undermined morality and property;
The people followed him, leaving their fields fallow;
It was very dangerous. He attacked the rich,
He fawned upon the poor, affirming that here below
Men are equal and brothers, that there is not
Any great or little, neither slaves nor masters,
That the fruit of the earth is for all; as for the priests,
He tore them to pieces; in short, he blasphemed. That
In the street! He related all these horrible things
To the first cloakless and shoeless beggars that came.
An end had to be made of it, the laws were explicit.
He was crucified."

These words, spoken with a gentle air,
Struck me. I said to him: "But who then are you?"
He replied: "Indeed an example was necessary.
I am called Elizab, and I am a scribe of the temple."
"And of whom do you speak?" I demanded. He replied:
"Why, of that vagabond who was named Jesus Christ."

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AN interesting feature of our national psychology is emphasized by the Elsie Siegel murder case.

The dead body of the girl was discovered in a trunk in a Chinaman's room. At once assuming that the girl was killed by the Oriental, the whole country became hysterical, every citizen practically constituting himself a spy on the hunt for the alleged murderer.

To judge from the general excitement, one would suppose that the taking of a human life is a most unusual thing in this land of ours, calculated to arouse the conscience of the whole nation. Yet one cannot help wondering at the general indifference over the systematic, daily murder of little children in our factories, the killing of women, the maiming of men, not to mention the numerous forms of slow death inflicted upon thousands by the greed and brutality of "civilized" life.

How explain the hysteria over the unproved murder of *one*, while we remain quite apathetic to the fate of thousands of human beings daily done to death by the wheels of industrialism? Is it because the victim in this case is a woman? But, then, are not thousands of her sisters ceaselessly sacrificed on the altar of forced ignorance, matrimony, and hate; yet few apparently care. Nor is any particular interest evinced in the fate of the women factory slaves whose every-day existence is a worse tragedy than that of Elsie Siegel.

If this girl's untimely death will cause the zealous Christian ladies of both sexes to abandon their silly efforts to convert the "heathen," Elsie Siegel will not have died in vain. And if the Siegel case should open their eyes to the inefficiency of Christian piety, to its practical criminality, and to the hypocrisy and brutality of already "converted" humanity, the death of Elsie Siegel will prove a blessing in disguise.

* * *

A MURDEROUS policeman sentenced to prison is such an unusual spectacle in our democratic land that the occasion serves as a text for numerous sermons and editorials, whose purpose it is to strengthen in the public mind the belief that there are still to be found honest and fearless judges.

It is, no doubt, to the credit of the intelligence of press and pulpit that they are at least beginning to realize that the people's former faith in the dispensers of legal justice has been sadly weakened. It does indeed need strengthening. But the efforts of preacher and editor, strenuous though they be, are doomed to bitter failure. For they are childishly pleased to ignore the significant fact that simultaneously with the weakening faith in the distribution of legalized justice, the people have also abandoned their belief in the honesty of the press and the disinterestedness of the pulpit.

The rapid strides of America within the last few decades, along industrial and commercial lines, may have considerably obscured the national vision with the veil of inflated vanity and exaggerated self-importance. But it would be no less stupid than dangerous to interpret the natural exuberance of youth as the innate lack of understanding. Though not yet within the portals of social maturity, the American people have already grown out of their intellectual short dresses. One by one they are discarding the habiliments of childhood. And as the boy, grown too large for his knee pants, first laughs at and then grows ashamed of them, so the American people now merely smile when legal justice and honest politics are mentioned. Another step, and the smile will be changed into shame, a shame that will discard the shameful things.

* * *

THE latest murder case—that of Mrs. Edith Woodill —is affording the yellow newspapers a thrice welcome source of sensational, disgusting pabulum to be dished out to an expectant public.

Yet what a splendid opportunity the Woodill case would be for a press interested in educating its readers to a true understanding of such tragic occurrences, thus helping to minimize the possibility of repetition. For the lesson of this case, as of so many other similar cases, if properly presented, could not fail to appeal to the most untutored mind.

A man, leading a miserable, loveless life with his wife, falls in love with a woman also unhappily married. What simpler and saner solution than for these two human beings, who love each other, to pick up the thread

of life together, giving a new meaning to their existence by shedding joy and happiness upon their mutual path.

But the law and public opinion, no less stupid than hypocritical, decree that four people should suffer unutterable misery and pain rather than break the icons of custom. Thus the man and woman are forced to continue the home relations, which lovelessness stamps sheer prostitution, to rear their children in an atmosphere of lies and discord, and to resort to hypocrisy to hide a sentiment pregnant with beauty and joy.

O for a pen to picture the blackness of despair, the grief and misery, the depth of hatred, the vice and crimes engendered by our Christian morality. Maidens in the bloom of youth and beauty, driven into a watery grave to hide the "shame" of their noblest heritage. Tender babes, exposed and forsaken, through fear of social condemnation; the homes made desolate, the hearts made cold—all because of the ghosts of a dead past.

Morality, what crimes are committed in thy name!

* * *

THE problem of procuring employment for old men is violently agitating some of our worthy contemporaries. The suggested solutions, such as finding "easy jobs" at ticket-chopping, convincingly prove the thoroughgoing philosophy of the reformers and supply splendid material for a first-class comedy.

No more damning indictment against existing conditions could be conceived than the absolute helplessness of society in the face of that really tragic spectacle—the unemployed old men. The interlocking system of great industrial concerns—the learned political economists tell us—is particularly unfavorable to the chances of the old. Nor does the "system" seem particularly favorable to the chances of the young, as the thousands of *young* unemployed sufficiently prove. Those who are fortunate enough to have employment are generously favored to the extent of being suffered to exist. The only ones particularly favored by the "system of great industrial concerns" seem to be the masters, the lords of the land and of the machinery of production.

To rail against great combinations of capital, while at the same time defending existing economic arrangements, is the height of folly. Industrial corporations and

trusts are the logical and inevitable products of the principle of profit and private ownership. Monopoly is the natural child of legalized robbery. These will exist and thrive as long as labor is willing to be exploited, and the consumer to be despoiled. When we cease to produce for the profit of others and begin to use the things we have created, monopolies and trusts will disappear. Then—and only then—will forced idleness, for young and old, become a thing of the past.

* * *

"MAYOR CHARLES A. BOOKWALTER, of Indianapolis, a printer, holding a working card in the International Typographical Union, was in Boston for a few days last month. Mayor Bookwalter was entertained by the officers of the Boston Typographical Union and greatly enjoyed an auto ride and lunch which were provided."

The publisher of this magazine will be exceedingly gratified to read the above announcement, as no doubt will all union men and their sympathizers. Mr. Bookwalter is the gentleman who allowed his appointee, the Chief of Police, to prevent Miss Goldman from lecturing in Indianapolis, and some hundreds of people from hearing her. This, notwithstanding the Mayor's and Chief's admission to Mr. Hutchins Hapgood that their action was illegal and had no force in law. The world moves, however, as it is only a few years ago that the election of men with union cards to office was heralded as a short-cut to the millenium.

* * *

EVIDENTLY no course of action is too despicable for the United States government to stoop to in its anxiety to suppress undesirable persons.

The latest victim is Fred. D. Warren, editor of the *Appeal to Reason.* The Federal authorities have already made several attempts to silence the paper, whose caustic language has long been a thorn in the side of all those who fear criticism. The *Appeal* is perhaps especially hated in high places for its determined fight in behalf of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. It is but too evident that the object of the government, in the present instance, is to railroad Editor Warren to prison, as a deterrent

example to all those who insist on the right of free speech and free press. We hope that the public conscience will be aroused sufficiently to prevent the contemplated outrage.

* * *

PERHAPS no nation has suffered greater oppression and violence than the people of India. Tyrannized over by rulers native and foreign, robbed and despoiled to the verge of actual starvation, they have suffered—mostly in silence. No doubt Buddhism and the teachings of the Yogi are responsible, to a great extent, for the meek, submissive attitude of the Hindus. Cunningly did their religious preceptors instill the poison of Karma thought and paralyze the spirit of rebellion with the alluring hope of superior reincarnation. And while the Hindu has been piously gazing at the point of his nose, his oppressors were successfully "concentrating" upon the wealth of the country; indeed, with such marked success as to give the followers of Buddha an earthly foretaste of Nirvana.

Fortunately, however, despotism bears within its own womb the germs of rebellion. The history even of long-suffering India is witness to it. The rapacity of the British bureaucracy may have forgotten the whirlwind that overtook the robber band of the East India Company; but the repeated rumblings of oncoming storm should have proved sufficient warning to a less arrogant ruler.

But tyranny is proverbially deaf to the cry of despair. Over-confident and contemptuous it struts along, ruthlessly stifling and repressing, stupidly blind to the uplifted Nemesis hand.

At last it strikes! There is consternation in the camp of Caesar. What! The meek Hindu a rebel? A Parsee Brutus in the very heart of the oppressor's stronghold! And pale fear rages, hoarsely crying, Crucify him!

Yes, crucify the avenger of his people. But the rising sun will warm his blood into new life, and out of it will spring a thousandfold the rebels of despoiled India.

* * *

THE hope has been expressed in certain quarters that the recent change in the New York Police Department will tend to reform the service. We, however, be-

lieve that the only way to "reform" the police is to stop feeding them.

The kicking out of Bingham was, of course, the most decent official act of Mayor McClellan for many a day. But so far we have noticed no change in the manner of administration. In fact, the police followed the same old tactics in trying to prevent Emma Goldman's lecture Friday, July 2, arranged under the auspices of the Harlem Liberal Alliance. The manager of the hall was threatened in the usual way, and but for the presence of mind of a few comrades and the determination of the speaker, the lecture would not have taken place.

The only way to win free speech is—to speak, and to keep on doing so whenever free speech is threatened. No movement for free speech, properly considered, can be a temporary affair. The fight is a continual one. Only thus will we conquer. It therefore affords us great pleasuse to inform our readers that all those who have become interested in the present fight for free speech consider the movement a permanent one, and are using their best efforts to interest ever wider circles and to increase the number of signatures to the Demand for Free Speech, published in our last issue. Since then the following names have been added: *New York:* Charles Edward Russell; James F. Morton, Jr.; Thomas Seltzer; Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr.; Gilbert E. Roe; Courtenay Lemon; E. C. Walker; C. P. Somerby; Leon Dabo; George Sylvester Viereck; Ex-Congressman Robert Baker; Leonard Van Nappen; Theodore Schroeder; Harry Kelly. *Chicago:* Francis Hackett; Charles T. Halliman, and Floyd Dell, of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Evening Post;* Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public;* Clarence S. Darrow; Voltairine de Cleyre, of Philadelphia; Michael Monahan, of Orange; Robert Thomas Paine, of Hoboken, and J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, N. J.; Rev. Eliot White, of Worcester, Mass; Eugene V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Ind.

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

WHEN, in the course of human development, existing institutions prove inadequate to the needs of man, when they serve merely to enslave, rob, and oppress mankind, the people have the eternal right to rebel against, and overthrow, these institutions.

The mere fact that these forces—inimical to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—are legalized by statute laws, sanctified by divine rights, and enforced by political power, in no way justifies their continued existence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all human beings, irrespective of race, color, or sex, are born with the equal right to share at the table of life; that to secure this right, there must be established among men economic, social, and political freedom; we hold further that government exists but to maintain special privilege and property rights; that it coerces man into submission and therefore robs him of dignity, self-respect, and life.

The history of the American kings of capital and authority is the history of repeated crimes, injustice, oppression, outrage, and abuse, all aiming at the suppression of individual liberties and the exploitation of the people. A vast country, rich enough to supply all her children with all possible comforts, and insure well-being to all, is in the hands of a few, while the nameless millions are at the mercy of ruthless wealth gatherers, unscrupulous lawmakers, and corrupt politicians. Sturdy sons of America are forced to tramp the country in a fruitless search for bread, and many of her daughters are driven into the street, while thousands of tender children are daily sacrificed on the altar of Mammon. The reign of these kings is holding mankind in slavery, perpetuating poverty and disease, maintaining crime and corruption; it is fettering the spirit of liberty, throttling the voice of justice, and degrading and oppressing humanity. It is engaged in continual war and slaughter, devastating the country and destroying the best and finest qualities of man; it nurtures superstition and ig-

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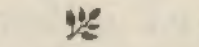
* This "Declaration" was written at the request of a certain newspaper, which subsequently refused to publish it, though the article was already in composition.

norance, sows prejudice and strife, and turns the human family into a camp of Ishmaelites.

We, therefore, the liberty-loving men and women, realizing the great injustice and brutality of this state of affairs, earnestly and boldly do hereby declare, That each and every individual is and ought to be free to own himself and to enjoy the full fruit of his labor; that man is absolved from all allegiance to the kings of authority and capital; that he has, by the very fact of his being, free access to the land and all means of production, and entire liberty of disposing of the fruits of his efforts; that each and every individual has the unquestionable and unabridgeable right of free and voluntary association with other equally sovereign individuals for economic, political, social, and all other purposes, and that to achieve this end man must emancipate himself from the sacredness of property, the respect for man-made law, the fear of the Church, the cowardice of public opinion, the stupid arrogance of national, racial, religious, and sex superiority, and from the narrow puritanical conception of human life. And for the support of this Declaration, and with a firm reliance on the harmonious blending of man's social and individual tendencies, the lovers of liberty joyfully consecrate their uncompromising devotion, their energy and intelligence, their solidarity and their lives.



THE MIDNIGHT LUNCH ROOM

By ELSA BARKER.

With little money one may enter here,
And yet those haggard faces watch outside
The frosty window—and the door is wide!
The clatter to my unaccustomed ear
Of dishes and hard tongues, is like a spear
Shaken within the sensitive, wounded side
Of Silence. Soiled, indifferent hands provide
Pitiful fare and cups of pallid cheer.

In my warm, fragrant home an hour ago
I wrote a poem on the peace they win
Who worship Beauty. Let me breathe it low:
What would it mean if chanted in this din?
What would it say to those out in the snow,
Who hunger, and who may not enter in?

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

RICARDO'S positive dogmatism, plausible syllogizing, and coherent style, gave his writings an advantage over those of Malthus. As concerns conservatism they were equal, or rather Ricardo's superabundant acknowledgment of indebtedness to Malthus made the latter appear to the generation which did not read him more conservative than the former really was.* The Seniors, McCullochs, Benthams, Macaulays, Mills, Leckys, Martineaus, Marcels, and other orthodox exponents of Ricardo, contemporary with the Socialistic upheavals and panics between 1848 and 1871, but little aware to what purposes Marx and Proudhon were turning their instructor, deduced from Ricardo, whom they represented as the greater pupil of Malthus, notwithstanding the real difference, that labor depended for support on the wage-fund; that to lessen the wage-fund by frightening capital was to do laborers the worst of injuries; that the admitted harshness of the social state was due principally to a "natural monopoly" which government did not make and could not destroy; that artificial monopolies were, indeed, wrong and pernicious, for which reason a liberal government was preferable to a monarchy or oligarchy; but Anarchy, of course, would be the worst of anything, and Socialistic interference with the natural laws of production fostered Anarchy by promising impossibilities and causing disappointment; for which reason authority should be strictly upheld and Utopianism encouraged; above all that the only real remedies were parsimony and continence (a queer jumble, which shows how little these public instructors themselves understood the true relation of Malthusian economy to Ricardian). There was just enough

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*Thus Henry George, whose premises are taken straight out of Ricardo, thinks it necessary to refute Malthus, of whose real relation to Ricardo he knew very little. Extension of cultivation is, according to Ricardo, the cause of rent. Its own cause (George supposes) is, for both Malthus and Ricardo, increase of population. To save Ricardo without adopting Malthus, George ingeniously argues that it is not increase, but concentration, of population which extends cultivation. The truth is, Malthus had not said it was either.

truth in all this to be timely for conservative purposes. The fact, in direct contradiction to what Macaulay often says on the subject, is that great expropriations, like those of the monks by Henry VIII., of the Church and the nobles during the French Revolution, of the slave owners during our Civil War, have always, in the long run, conferred great benefits on the poor; but that, at first, they always cause increased hardship to the poor, not because there is any such thing as a wage-fund which supports productive laborers, but because a large part of the poor are unproductive laborers, whom panic among the rich at once deprives of their jobs, while time is required for the productive class to gain anything by fall of an unproductive: which immediate consequences of insecurity are so well known to the often unemployed proletaire that he is afraid of attempts at expropriation, and will not promote them unless his oppressors have first driven him to the wall. The unpopularity of Socialism, for there can be no doubt that on the whole it is unpopular, is due to this fear, addressed on two sides; by the conservative Ricardians, as stated; by the Ricardian Socialists, like Engel and Lassalle, because they talked of legislative expropriation. Amidst the fulminations of Ricardian orthodoxy the few critics who pointed out (like Richard Jones) that Ricardo's best-known theories are arbitrarily deductive, and bear no clear relation to visible facts,* were dinned and flashed away, with the inevitable valediction that "they had failed to understand Ricardo." But the cocksureness of the Epigoni, as economists of this period have been called, did not quite go the length of imputing ignorance to John Stuart Mill. If there was anything he did not know, it was what they knew still less. The reaction began, accordingly, when he, originally, like his father, a Ricardian, decidedly rebelled. The Malthusian direction

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* No disrespect at all is meant Ricardo by anything said here. He greatly advanced knowledge by establishing the true relation of rent to price, which Adam Smith misunderstood, and by showing that when the price of bullion is said to rise it is really that of paper money which falls. His maxim that, under free competition labor buys labor, is the basis of Marx' theory concerning Surplus Value and of philosophic Socialism. Like Ptolemy in astronomy and Galen in medicine, he long had the ill-luck to be influential largely through his mistakes; but that any man can be that is the measure of his abilities.

of this movement has been very inadequately acknowledged. The Optimistic school of Carey and Bastiat builds on Malthus' law that real wages never fall. The Historical Economist, now the most influential among those reckoned orthodox, follows the line of investigation which Malthus laid down, but to which he could not hold Ricardo. On the Socialistic side of the fence, Ricardianism is sure to age in proportion as it does on the other. How far the new Socialistic economy of Anarchism is indebted to Malthus, we have yet to see. But the affinities of American and Russian Anarchism with his thought are as clear as those of Marx and Proudhon with Ricardo's.

Though Malthus' writings were neglected during the fifty years or so of Ricardo's pontificate, his name lived. As the demonstrator of a principle evidently revolutionary, therefore of transcendent importance, not only to Economy, but Biology, History, Ethics, and Religion, he was known, by reputation, to students of all these subjects. For want of reading him, they often misunderstood, but they had tolerably clear his "main principle," that unrestricted propagation means a high death-rate, involving a "struggle for existence," which hitherto has been the determinator of progress: though "moral restraint" on propagation would be better.

The anatomical and physiological affinities of higher animal and vegetal types with lower had, before Malthus' time, suggested to Buffon, Monboddo, and a few others, the idea that species arise by Evolution. But their theories on the subject were mere guesses, which commanded little attention from the scientific world. The glory of placing organic development on the positive basis of Heredity, Natural Selection, and Sexual Selection, belongs to Darwin. The fact that species do arise by evolution has been experimentally demonstrated by Haeckel; and the world no longer contains a naturalist who disputes it; though there continues to be controversy upon such minor points as whether post-natal variations are hereditary.*

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*Bourgeois writers have seized upon the doctrines of Malthus and Darwin as upon an argument against co-operation, almsgiving, and above all, anything like communism. The struggle for existence, they tell us, is the source of progress. For the strong to assist the feeble in living, but above all propagating, is

History, by right the greatest among sciences, since it supplies material for all which require the use of records, was in a wholly empirical condition before the epoch-making work of Buckle:—for the so-called philosophic history of an earlier time did not, as Macaulay remarked, rise above the level of essay-writing on the philosophy of history. Fragmentary and in some matters of detail incorrect as Buckle's writings are, they forever establish the method, which is entirely Malthusian. That social progress depends on substitution of Preventive for Positive Checks on population; which, in turn, depends on substitution as incentives to action, of more varied desires for the simple animal appetites of food and sex, and this again on leisure, in which such desires germinate; that ignorance, and its most legitimate offspring, superstition, are the great standing obstacles to this happy change, operating to dull the new desires and content men with their barbarous ancestors' ways; these propositions, indeed, involve somewhat more than the "main principle" of Malthus; but they are all among his authentic statements, not the innovations of Ricardo and others. Since Buckle's time, they have constituted the great working hypothesis by which all historic phenomena have been elucidated.*

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to weaken the social organism, as well as to raise impracticable expectations and increase misery by adding disappointment to its pains. This is unquestionably true for compulsory charity. It is true for all voluntary charity whose final result is to encourage dependence. And in the present general condition of dependence, *all almsgiving has a tendency to do that.* But two things are overlooked. First, co-operation is not charity, but trade:—for benefits given, benefits are expected. Secondly, the pauperizing effect of charity depends on a *previous* degradation of the recipient. No man is morally worse for the helping hand of a fellow-worker. Every man is, for the beaming condescension of a patron. Socialistic writers, who generally know too much to attempt refuting Darwin, attempt instead to show that the conflict by which the world has advanced was a conflict of species, not individuals of the same species, among whom co-operation, not competition, has been the rule. Among those who have secured this side of the matter due attention, Kropotkin is the most distinguished. Whether he has contracted anything like a prejudice by the way, may be inquired later. It is hardly deniable that with men, the struggle has been very largely between nations and often individuals.

*To illustrate, it was a favorite subject of controversy among

Ethics, previous to that evolutionary philosophy in which Malthus was the first wise master-builder, presented a ruinous chaos, in which the blind forces of tyranny and superstition essentially hostile to each other but equally foes to knowledge, met in refluent eddies like infernal rivers. Private experience had taught men that sensual and other excesses are haunted by Remorse. Superstition, seeking to escape this phantom, but without a guide, has always tended to Asceticism. Even those forms which we call immoral—the glorification by some religions of prostitution and still more nauseous vice, of mutilation, drunkenness, human sacrifice, war, appealed, as is well known among comparative students of human error, not to the lusts of the flesh themselves, but that despair and rage which springs from deception by these tempters—it was really ascetic self-torture which was glorified, and the "consecrated" persons whose houses Hezekiah took away from the Temple were holy because they served the appetites of others in ways not agreeable to themselves. On the other hand, governments, military institutions, designed to serve the purposes of man's most violent passions, as rapacity, lust, and vengeance, invariably encouraged sensuality to breed fighters, invested war with the glamour of heroism, and cultivated that view of commerce which makes exchange a disguised robbery. Hence the muddled and inconsistent ideas of morality given us by two sets of teachers thus radically opposed, but of whom one was in a measure coerced or bribed by the other. Except for naturally arising conflicts among themselves, their

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writers who, like Montesquieu, made any attempt at philosophic history, whether the ancient world were more or less populous than the modern? We may not know much about the world; but, on Malthusian principles, it is absurd to suppose that France, for example, could have had anything like her present population when her soil was mainly covered by forests supporting only half-wild cattle and hogs; when Paris was a village, and Lyons a rural *oppidum,* when silk was unknown and wine imported at such prices as a slave for a jar. A phenomenon which these early writers noticed, was that, after a great migration of barbarians, like the Scythians or Northmen, their countries remained quiet for many years. The explanation was that they were "biding their time"—living, probably, on ice and air. It is, now, that, until the principle of population restored their numbers, none were left at home but children and old people.

only use of logic has been to invent reasons why the king has a right to govern wrong, why wives should obey their husbands, how it can be an Englishman's duty to kill a Frenchman, and equally the Frenchman's to kill him.* Malthus taught even governments that hungry and dependent numbers are a source of weakness, not strength.† His name is so familiar that Race Suicide speeches and bills to put a tax on celibacy have none but humorous effect. It was he who convinced the rulers that, much as they feared educating the ruled, they had no choice. Though the "Mercantile" economy, and its practical corollary, Protection, received their fatal wound from Adam Smith, the root whence they spring remains in his *Wealth of Nations;* and the stump-puller destined to eradicate it was constructed by Malthus. The root is the doctrine that parsimony enriches. The stump-puller is the Malthusian proof that it can enrich only individuals, and this only on condition of having neighbors less parsimonious than themselves—that exchange is what principally causes increase of wealth; that if a people are all parsimonious, like the "Jewtown" Hebrews, they must be poor. But the ultimate services of Malthus to ethics were more radical than this. The advice of Bacon to treat ethics as an inductive science—to ascertain, by observation and experiment, what effects are actually produced on character by heredity, education, example, society, solitude, religious belief, the civil law, by the indulgence of particular habits, the reading of particular books, the following of particular trades,—a sort of knowledge whence we might expect to learn something about how undesired propensities can be corrected and others cultivated—had been neglected for three centuries while the doctors continued to dispute as usual about whether Revelation, Moral Sense, or Expediency fur-

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* James Fitz James Stephen (the crazy snoozer who tried Mrs. Maybrick) says, in his *Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,* a reply to Mill's *Liberty,* that there is no absurdity about this paradox. If he had not said so, we might perhaps have imagined that there was.

† Pitt, next to Napoleon the chief modern anthropophagus, had actually prepared a bill for a bounty on children; but withdrew it in deference to the arguments of Dr. Parr and others among Malthus' earliest converts.

nished the readiest method of making out perfect the foolish institutions of their respective countries—all this, chiefly, because they lacked a guide into the better way. The first height on which the light of positive discovery began to shine was the effect upon morals of Heredity. The point of radiation was the Darwinian Theory, and the Darwinian Theory, in the express words of its originator, only applies Malthus' doctrine to the whole animal and vegetable kingdom.

In religious speculation, we have already seen what the original Theodice of Malthus was. It is the one which has become fashionable. That it is much more simple, affecting, and sublime, than the grotesque myths which preceded it, has become commonplace. But of more importance is the fact that it dissipates the most odious and most unfailing trait of merely subjective piety —its intolerance. Sin is always stupidity: it is, therefore, a sin (an injustice) in the sinner who counts himself partially reformed to be angry with the thicker-headed fellow-sinner who is not reformed at all: and thus, too, sin vindicates its character as stupidity, for being angry with sinners is not at all the right way either to reform them or to prevent others from following their example.

Thus far-reaching has been the influence of Malthus. Expounding it should serve to illustrate the absurdity of attempting his reputation by rehashing arguments all of which have long been commonplace. A fortress like Gibraltar is not to be overthrown with a pop-gun. A structure as lofty and secure as that which has arisen upon the foundation laid by Malthus must be "rock-rooted in the crust of the earth, and buttressed with the everlasting hills."

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

THE PROTEST MEETING AT COOPER UNION

(*Report.*)

By ALDEN FREEMAN.

LONG before the doors were opened, men and women formed in line about the entrance. A great throng of two thousand people greeted Chairman Leonard D. Abbott, of the National Free Speech Committee, when he called the meeting to order and told about the big movement started as the result of police lawlessness on May 23. When Mr. Abbott introduced me as chairman of the meeting, I was astonished at the warmth of the reception given by this vast East Side audience to one who was a stranger to most of them. In that moment I felt that I saw the big, throbbing heart of humanity. It seemed to me that these people extended the hand of fellowship and said, "Come to us. We welcome you. Be yourself. Be of the people."

For quickness of comprehension and keen sense of humor, I have never talked to a more intelligent audience, so thoroughly alive, so eagerly alert. Our speakers, although the night was exceedingly hot, and the air in the hall very close, did not have to talk against the inertia of over-prosperous and over-fed auditors. I described to them my struggles to get my eyes open in the midst of an ultra-conservative community, and my efforts to sow some seeds of radicalism in the Spotless Town where I live in New Jersey. I rehearsed the serio-comic features of the Orange Barn Party and summed up the situation in these words:

"To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of free speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. Without it all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman sat on this platform with a gag between her teeth and a policeman on each side of her, the terrible picture would simply and plainly express the reason for our being here tonight, and would explain why it is that telegrams and letters of protest and sympathy are pouring in upon the Free Speech Committee from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes."

John S. Crosby, one of the chief aides of Henry George, who is still bearing aloft the Single Tax banner, was the first of the speakers of the evening. Among the many good things that he said was the following passage:

"The reason free speech is so little valued in this country is because so few people have anything to say that is born of serious conviction. What you have to fight is not the individual policemen, but the unthinking public opinion that backs them up. As for the police, I think they are about as good as other men engaged in the same business. They are just as good as lawyers and judges."

Miss Pearl McLeod then read stirring letters promising coöperation in the Free Speech movement. Among the letters and telegrams read were those from John De Witt Warner, Theodore Schroeder, Horace Traubel, Ben Hanford, Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public*, of Chicago, J. E. Phelps Stokes, and Eugene V. Debs. For lack of space only the letters of the two last named can be published in this issue.

Harry Kelly, the radical writer, made a strong appeal for funds to carry on the Free Speech movement, and $40.40 was collected.

Gilbert E. Roe, formerly law partner of U. S. Senator La Follette, made an earnest and eloquent appeal to all radicals to defend the right of free speech. He was followed by one of America's most intellectual women, Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, who came from Philadelphia and helped the cause with a most stirring oration in which she pleaded for a hearing for those with whom we differ. Miss de Cleyre showed that she is made of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made, and the readers of MOTHER EARTH know that she, like Miss Goldman and the Hypatias of every age, has suffered for opinion's sake.

Hon. Robert Baker, one of the most radical thinkers that has broken into the Congress of the United States since the days of '76, and known as "Anti-Pass Baker" on account of his splendid fight against the bribery of free railroad passes, was the next speaker and carried the great audience off its feet with his burning words

of denunciation of the big thieves and rascals who go scot free in this money-ruled land.

The hit of the evening was made by one of the ladies who was ejected from Lexington Hall, on May 23. Mrs. Milton Rathbun, widow of a well-known merchant of New York, whose business is continued by his sons on the same premises where it has been conducted for sixty-two years, spoke in a humorous vein. She described the lovely morning of May 23, the refined and intelligent audience, and the shock and sense of outrage when the police invaded the hall. Mrs. Rathbun's highly humorous recital was hugely enjoyed by the audience. I wish I could reproduce her clever sayings, for her talk was worthy of Mark Twain.

The meeting closed with an address by Dr. R. W. Leverson, who called the first meeting of the Free Speech Committee at his home, and over fifty years ago was a leader in the last free speech movement in England. With an earnest appeal to the audience to support Miss Goldman in her test meeting on July 2nd, the meeting adjourned.

What impresses me most in this effort to preserve the right of free speech is the way in which it has brought together radicals of widely-differing views. The labor movement, which is the great progressive force in the world to-day, has various wings, and I rejoice that the Socialists, the Single Taxers, and other radicals less advanced than they, have the moral courage to stand by that much misunderstood and maligned wing of the labor movement—the Anarchists—in their struggle to maintain "freedom of speech for those with whom we differ," as Miss de Cleyre so well expressed it.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, the well-known Socialist, sent the following letter to the chairman of the Free Speech Committee:

June 29th, 1909.

DEAR MR. ABBOTT:—

Owing to an engagement at the Sagamore Conference, I cannot attend the mass meeting to be held to-morrow to protest against the great wrongs recently done to Miss Goldman and others by certain public authorities. But I should be very glad if my voice could be added by means of this letter to those that may be heard at the meeting.

As you know, there are very distinct points of difference between Miss Goldman's philosophy and mine, yet, in her outspoken loathing of oppression of whatever kind, I should be glad to be counted among her comrades.

Deliberate violence to helpless and innocent people is a loathsome crime, and yet more loathsome when resorted to by public officers in disregard of fundamental principles of justice and fair-dealing.

Nothing can be more just and fair than that they who hold opinions differing from those held by their fellows should be free to express their opinions without doing violence to any and without any doing violence to them.

Miss Goldman neither advocates nor practices violence, yet her persecutors in high places indulge in it increasingly against her, usually through the instrumentality of others, and wantonly injure innocent and inoffensive people who would hear what she desires to say.

Nothing, it seems to me, is more cowardly or base than for men to send others to do base things for them; yet this is what certain of our public officials do in an accentuated degree when they send public servants to violently disrupt peaceful meetings of citizens who attend such meetings hoping to get light upon matters of interest and thus to gain larger knowledge of the truth.

Citizens, whether in high office or not, deserve but the contempt of the people when so cowardly as to use force to prevent views differing from theirs or from the views of any one else, being temperately discussed. Neither they nor such orders as they issue in defiance of the people's just rights to peaceably assemble and peaceably discuss, are worthy of respect or observance.

If public officers in disregard of justice habitually use violence to prevent free and temperate discussion, they will have but themselves to blame if, ultimately, a thoroughly outraged people offer violent resistance.

Fraternally yours,

J. G. PHELPS STOKES.

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for President, sent the following letter to the Secretary of the Free Speech Committee:

Terre Haute, Ind., June 14th.

MISS GRACE POTTER,
NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR COMRADE:—I regret deeply my absence from Girard on account of a death in our family, when your letter was received. I should have complied with your request with joy. I fear it is now too late. Anyway, here is the signature, and I thank you for the privilege of attaching it to the manifesto. Emma Goldman has been persecuted and outraged by the police. She has a right to be heard, and that she has repeatedly been suppressed by force is to the shame of us all. If she has no right to be heard, neither have we; and if we suffer her to be silenced, we ought to be silenced. Cowardice deserves no hearing, but only contempt, and we are certainly guilty of cowardice if we do not fight for the preservation of free speech. In that kind of a fight count on me, if it is to give the devil a hearing.

A thousand thanks for your kind, personal expressions, which I value very highly.

Yours always,

E. V. DEBS.

ON LIBERTY

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.*

MR. Crosby has said he is here in the interest of "good government"; so am I. But you know the brutal saying of some white man about Indians: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." In my opinion, the only "good" government is a dead government.

I am in the habit of writing out what I have to say in advance; the reasons are several, but the principal one governing me in the present instance is, that I am speaking not only to the people here, but before a censorship so ignorant that it can neither understand nor correctly report what it does understand; and in the event of my being called to account for what I did not say, I wish to be able to show in writing precisely what I did say. And in the event of my being pulled off the platform by the police before I have opened my mouth (as has happened to me before now), I may be able to say, "Here is what I would have said."

Alas, this censorship! This thing of large biceps, large necks, large stomachs, and pyramidal foreheads! It sits in judgment upon things spiritual, things moral, things social, things scientific, things artistic— laugh, O Muse of Comedy—all things which it knows nothing about. It sits and decides upon the iniquity of words which have not been spoken; out of the profundity of its nether stomach, declares that to be seditious which no man has yet heard. Ah, when Emma Goldman shall next lecture upon the Modern Drama, let her not forget this drama of the censorship, wherein avoirdupois is the hero, and the people of America—if you please, the scientists, the artists, the teachers, the literateurs—are the pitiful clowns. Let us appreciate to the full the working of this fine sixth sense which has entered into the corporeality of the police, that spacious corporeality, permeating them with power to divine that what a man or a woman has not yet said *is going to be* dangerous to the order and welfare of society.

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* Speech delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre at the Cooper Union Protest Meeting, June 30, 1909.

Anent this same censorship and its perspicacity, and information, I had an illustration some years ago, at the beginning of this wave of good-guardianship which we are now enjoying. The moral guardians of my city, who are every once in a while caught stealing and receiving stolen goods, conceived that it was important to protect the frequenters of a certain co-operative society against the sale of Anarchist literature. They paused therefore at the stand by the door and began the censoring task. Among the rest there lay on the desk the little booklet of verses which I have here, "The Worm Turns." As its title would indicate to those not gifted with the sixth sense—the censorship sense, so to speak—it is a collection of rebel protests. The censor, however, looked it through—carefully, and laid it down. A second sensor, a revisionary censor I presume, approached, picked it up, and inquired, "What's this?" "Oh," said number one, "that's all right; that's something about worms."

It happens that the first line of the first stanza of the first poem reads thus:

"Germinal! The field of Mars is ploughing—"

I presume the censor thought that Mr. Mars, some worthy Pennsylvania farmer, no doubt, having turned up a clod or so with his plough, had probably discovered mischievous "worms" therein and set his wits to work to rid the field of them; and then to turn an honest penny by imparting to his fellow farmers the peculiar turning methods of the worms and how to circumvent them.

Indeed, when we consider what liberty one time meant in America and what it means now; when we consider the ease with which our censors forbid anything at all which happens to come into their—sixth sense, and the supineness with which the people in general acept these interferences; when we see the terrorizing methods of the sixth-sensers in their determination to crush what little dignity there may be in hall-keepers, by threatening them with the arrest, not only of themselves, but of their wives and children, if they rent halls to whomsoever the police shall designate as under the ban, and the abject submission of the threatened; when we consider that the main activity in life, for the great

majority of all the people, is grubbing and crawling and bending to get food and drink,—perhaps—perhaps the censorship is right in thinking that the whole subject is "something about worms." Verily, when I learned a short time ago that a man whose name has been identified with the cry of the "suffering ages" as one of the spokesmen of the disinherited, had declined to sign the Demand of the Free Speech Committee, I felt that we were indeed dealing with annulates, not vertebrates,—creatures with rings in their bodies instead of spines, and that the old religious phrase "a worm of the dust" was no mock self-depreciation, but a bare fact; I felt the burning shame of Gerald Massey's words shoot through me like a flame:

"Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm, when trodden, will turn;
But, cowards, ye cringe to the cruelest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn."

It is the people's fault far more than the fault of the police that these outrages upon the freedom of expression take place. I do not mean you here, who by coming and sitting here on this sweltering night, have shown where your sympathies lie. But what are you in number compared to the millions of New York City?

If the people in the mass cared, the police would not have dared. If the suppression of a great fundamental freedom appealed to the mass as much as a baseball umpire's decision, there would be meetings from one end of the city to the other, to make known the sentiment of the people in regard to these attacks upon liberty. The fact is there is but a handful which cares anything about the matter; and the question is how far is this handful able to make itself heard? How determined are we, who do want free speech, to wring that right out of the rest?

There is but one way that free speech can ever be secured; and that is by persistent speaking. It is of no use to write things down on paper, and put them away in a store-room, even if that store-room happens to be the Library at Washington, and the thing written is that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech." That's like anything else put away on a shelf and forgotten. *Speak, speak, speak,* and remember that whenever any one's liberty to speak is denied,

your liberty is denied also, and your place is there where the attack is.

Of late these attacks have centered upon one personality—that of Emma Goldman.

Emma Goldman is my friend, and my comrade; and upon all large principles our thoughts are close kin. But were she as much my enemy as she is my friend, and were our thoughts as bitterly opposed as they are sympathetic, I should still say that an attack upon her freedom to speak was an attack on mine, and my business was to be there to resist.

Freedom of speech means nothing, if it does not mean the freedom for that to be said which we do not like. I have seen statements in reputable newspapers, such as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the *Press,* to the effect that the only proper place for an Anarchist is the end of rope swung to a lamp-post. Certainly I am not of that opinion; I think all hanging is brutal and barbaric; and I should naturally have a particular objection to its being applied to me; but those papers have a perfect right to say it, just as I have the right to say that the sayers have the souls of hangmen. And I will stand for their right.

There will come a time when with a lightning-like clarification the mass of the people *will* become conscious of this need of freedom, just how, when, or why it will take place there can be no certainty; but it certainly will take place, just as it always has done in the past, when the measure of tyranny has gone overfull, and those who crept and crawled have suddenly realized that they had spines.

When the old iron tongue in Independence Hall clanged out from its brazen throat, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," Oh, this wasn't the sort of thing they were dreaming of! Liberty was alive and awake then, and quivering down to the finger tips in all the people. It sleeps now, a long, cold, dim sleep; but not forever. There will come a dawn, sharp and white, and liberty will be awake then—in that hour, when, in Kipling's phrase, "When the dawn comes up like thunder." It is at such periods that declarations of freedom are made, which afterward fall into disuse; nevertheless, some forward leap is taken

which is never altogether lost. Until such time it must be the task of freedom lovers to carry a torch through the darkness; and this we will do, even if we have to carry it through dungeon stones. And we know what prisons mean: they mean broken down body and spirit, degradation, consumption, insanity,—we know it all; but if that is the price that we must pay, be sure that we shall pay it.

* * *

REMARKS OF ALDEN FREEMAN

CHAIRMAN COOPER UNION PROTEST MEETING

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel a little strange in speaking on this platform where so many great men have spoken. Perhaps you will permit a few words of explanation as to why I happen to stand to-night in this great presence. For seven years I have been acting as a sort of messenger boy in bringing the various shining lights of the lecture platform to the Spotless Town over in New Jersey where I happen to live. The people over there are almost perfect. Scarcely a soul in the place ever does a stroke of work. Nothing is produced there, neither food nor clothing nor bricks nor mortar nor any useful article except some electrical equipment. Except for "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," the plumber, the policeman, the gardeners and coachmen and chauffeurs, most of the men come over here to New York and sit in little wire cages in Wall Street or keep books to tell the Vanderbilts and the Goulds how much alimony can safely be paid in the divorce cases of the sons and grandsons of millionaires. The womenfolk of these keepers of accounts occupy themselves by instructing physicians how to run hospitals, and in directing other institutions, charitable and otherwise. When not engaged in discussing the private domestic relations of their neighbors, these ladies read papers on George Sand and George Eliot in their clubs. If those great women were alive to-day, the women of Spotless Town would no more receive them in their clubs and in their homes than the long-forgotten dames of London received the celebrated Lady Holland. Mediocrity adores the *mummies* of the great while it abhors them in life.

In the pamphlets on sale here to-night I tell about some of the big speakers that I have introduced to my neighbors in the Oranges. At the very first attempt I struck a snag. I tried to show these good people how fine a thing it would be to have free lectures in the public schools, like you have over here in New York. You would have thought I was trying to introduce some new and strange kind of religion from the uproar that arose. The Mayor vowed that the first lecturer should never enter the lecture hall of our Carnegie Library except over his dead body. But the Library Trustees said go ahead, and when Elwell, the sculptor, had spoken, they all liked him, and a few years later the Sons of Solomon gave him an order for a statue of an American Revolutionist (of 133 years ago), and the Daughters of the Queen of Sheba assisted in the unveiling exercises. Mr. Elwell is now at work on a colossal statue of Lincoln for East Orange.

On December 16, 1773, a party of fifty American Revolutionists, disguised as Indians, dumped $90,000 worth of tea into Boston Harbor. This was the famous *Boston Tea Party.*

On June 8, 1909, a score of Orange Chaps, disguised as policemen, plain clothes men and county detectives, defended the headquarters of the English in East Orange and forced the Americans to retreat to a stable. This was the famous *Orange Barn Party.*

I invited into our old barn all those sturdy patriots, the City Fathers of East Orange, the Mayor and Aldermen, the City Attorney, the City Recorder, the Chief of Police and his squad of sixteen, also the county detectives from the Public Prosecutor's office. Some of the cops were delighted with Miss Goldman's talk. They said to me afterward they had never heard a woman with so much sense before (you see they live in East Orange). Now I expect, judging by my past experiences in East Orange, if we give the ideas promulgated at the Barn Party a chance to germinate, and refrain from rubbing salt into the wounded vanity of Spotless Town, that by the time the Lincoln statue is accepted by the Park Commission, a delegation, possibly headed by the chairman of the Police Committee, a celebrated playwright. who is just now offended because his dramatic efforts

were not mentioned by Miss Goldman in her lecture on "The Modern Drama,"—I say I shall not be surprised if this delegation from East Orange climbs the stairs in East 13th Street and invites the lady who is conspicuous by her absence from this platform to-night to deliver the oration on Abraham Lincoln when the statue is unveiled in East Orange. I am sure no one could do it better nor with greater appreciation of "The Great Commoner" than the lady whom we all miss so much to-night.

Our policemen out in East Orange are not a bad lot. Of course they haven't much to do where everybody is so nearly perfect. They are also greatly handicapped by having a chief who does not want anybody but himself to ever make an arrest, but they have a keen sense of humor. The other night when Comrade Abbott and I led the assault on English's Hall, the officers looked very stern on the side of their faces toward the Mayor and the Chief and the Judge, but as we came abreast of them nearly every mother's son of the whole bunch gave me a wink out of his honest Irish or German eye, and it did my heart good. The night before the Barn Party I talked with a cop who seemed to feel rather badly about the possibility of handling me roughly the next night. I said, "Don't be worried, I've just had three weeks of osteopathy and you couldn't hurt me if you tried, I am so thoroughly relaxed." So when I boldly advanced toward this officer, he seized me by the shoulders and threw me down the steps.

I was told to speak for five minutes. When I found you comfortably seated and at rest, then the real speeches of the evening might be resumed. But while I have the floor I want to give you just one quotation from the foremost product of American soil, whose centenary you celebrated on the 12th of February, and who spoke from this platform forty-nine years ago, on the 27th of February, so effectively that the whole North began to name him for the Presidency.

After Lincoln was chosen President, and the Civil War was well under way, his friends besought him to suppress the Chicago *Times*. This was the answer of Abraham Lincoln:

"I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had

better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the people."

To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of free speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. Without it all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman sat on this platform with a gag between her teeth and a policeman on each side of her, the terrible picture would simply and plainly express the reason for our being here to-night, and would explain why it is that telegrams and letters of protest and sympathy are pouring in upon the Free Speech Committee from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

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THE CASE OF JOHN SCHREIBER

FELLOW-WORKERS:—

Many of you probably have read in the newspapers that John Schreiber, an active member of the Machinists' Progressive Lodge No. 335, was sentenced June 14th, in Newark, N. J., to three years in the penitentiary and $1,000 fine, for alleged robbery, on the evidence of detectives and spies. For months Schreiber had been without work. While going from New York to Newark to seek employment, he was arrested.

Soon the newspapers will have to go more into details about this trial, because the prevailing circumstances are of a nature which cannot be hushed up. We feel firmly convinced that the sentence is a great injustice. Not a single shred of evidence was brought out that will stand the test.

Not only had no offense whatever been committed, but nothing indicated that an attempt had been committed. The man was entirely innocent of any criminal intention. The invented stories of a few New York detectives, who wanted to prove that they did not receive their recompense for nothing, and who found it an easy matter to prejudice the court against Schreiber, because he is accused of Anarchistic views, are the whole foundation of this atrocious sentence.

Workingmen, we demand only justice, but not justice that has been "fixed" by spies and detectives. A strenuous protest against this sentence must be made, and a writ of error obtained.

We must rescue our fellow-worker, who has been one of the most active among us, from the fangs of professional Judases.

He always fought for the cause of all. Now let all and every one do his duty toward him.

Money is needed to appeal the case energetically, therefore we apply to you to contribute your share for the defense fund.

Do not permit a colleague of yours to be ruined on account of lack of funds to secure a fair trial.

Fraternally yours,

MACHINISTS' PROGRESSIVE LODGE NO. 335.

Committee, { EMIL DIETZE, CHARLES EHRESMAN, FRANK TRAPPEHL.

All moneys and communications should be sent to Charles Ehresman, Secretary of Machinists' Progressive Lodge No. 335, Labor Temple, 243-247 E. 84th St., New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEVER-TOLD TALES. William J. Robinson, M.D. The Altrurians, 12 Mount Morris Park, West, New York.

KO MUMS REIKIA PIRMIAUSIAI? J. Laukio. Turtu ir Spauda "Lietuvos," 3252 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

ANARCHISTU DORA. Parase Petras Kropotkinas. Turtu ir Spauda "Lietuvos," 3252 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

SONGS OF RUSSIA. Rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell. Published by the author, Dorchester, Mass.

SYNDIKALISMUS. Max Baginski. "Freiheit," P. O. Box, 1719. New York.

THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY. Alden Freeman, East Orange, N. J.

Owing to lack of space, "Contributions" will be acknowledged in our next issue.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin. ..... **25c.**

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$1.00**
Postage, 10c.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... **$1.60**

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. **$1.00**
Postage, 14c.

Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$2.00**

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... **10c.**

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

In Defence of Free Speech. Five Essays. By B. O. Flower, Rev. Eliot White, Louis F. Post, and Theodore Schroeder ..... **5c.**

Schopenhauer in the Air. By Sadakichi Hartmann.. **10c.**

The Basis of Trade Unionism. By Emile Pouget.... **5c.**

Evolution and Revolution. By Elisée Reclus..... **5c.**

History of the French Revolution. By C. L. James **$1.00**

Monopoly. By William Morris..... **5c.**

Useful Work Versus Useless Toil. By William Morris **5c.**

Anarchism and American Traditions. By Voltairine de Cleyre..... **5c.**